



— Charles Thaxter, Hill —  
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A NEW YEAR'S MEETING.

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BY TUDOR JENKS.

"Do you know how to get to grandpa's?—  
I went on New Year's day—  
You climb the hill where the pine-trees grow,  
And grandpa comes half-way.

"He waits in the road for mama and me,  
And plays he 's a robber bold.

Then, when I can't help laughing,  
How grandpa pretends to scold!

"He threatens me with his cane, and says:  
'A kiss or your life, my dear!'  
And then with a regular bear-hug  
I wish him a Happy New Year!"

## THE TARDY SANTA CLAUS.

BY KATE D. WIGGIN.



I AM a little Santa Claus  
Who somehow got belated;  
My reindeer did n't come in time,  
And so of course I waited.  
I found your chimneys plastered tight,  
Your stockings put away,

I heard you talking of the gifts  
You had on Christmas Day;  
So will you please to take me in  
And keep me till November?  
I 'd rather start Thanksgiving Day  
Than miss you *next* December!